NYE ON HIS TRAVELS. He Describes a Hostelry Called the

Fifth Avenue Hotel. I am writing this at an imitation h where the roads fork. I will call it the Fifth Avenue hotel because the hotel at a railroad junction is generally called the Fifth or the Gem City house, or the Palaco botel. I stopped at an inn some years sir co called the Palace, and I can truly say the if it had over been a palace it was very much run down when I visited it.

Just as the fond parent of a white-eved, two-legged freak of nature loves to name stally diluted son Napolson, and for the same reason that a prominent horse owner in Illinois last year socked my name on a tall, buckskin-colored colt that did not mble me, intellectually or physically, a colt that did not know enough to a barbed wire fence, but sought to sift himof through it into an untimely grave, so this man has named his sway backed wigwam the Fifth Avenue hotel.

It is different from the Fifth Avenue in many ways. In the first place there is not so travel and business in its neighborbood. As I said before, this is where two railroads fork. In fact that is the leading industry here. The growth of the town is naturally slow, but it is a healthy growth There is nothing in the nature of dangerous or wildest speculation in the advancement of this place, and while there has been no no or rapid advance in the principal re has been no falling off at all and these roads are forking as much to-day as they did before the war, while the same three men who were present for the first glad moment are still here to witness its

Sometimes a train is derailed, as the papers call it, and two or three people have to re-main over, as we did all night. It is at such a time that the Fifth Avenue hotel is the scene of great excitement. A large codfish, with a broad and sunny smile and his bosom full of rock salt, is tied in the creek to freshen and fit himself for the responsible position of floor manager of the codfish ball.

A pale chambermaid, wearing a black jet y with large pores in it through which she gentis percolating, now goes joyonsly up he stairs to make the little postoffice lockas look ten times worse than they ever did before. She warbles a low refram as the nimbly knocks loose the tenanth nimbly knocks loose the venerable out the rooms. All is bustle about the house. Repecially the chambermaid. We were put guest's chamber here. It has an



This last remark conveys to the reader the co of a light, joyous feeling which is bolly assumed on my part.

door of our room is full of holes where locks have been wrenched off in order to let er in. Last night I could imagine that I was in the act of meeting, personally, the famous people who have tried to sleep here and who meaned through the night and who died while waiting for the dawn.

The chambermaid is very versatile, and taits on the table while not engaged in agire upstairs. In this way she imparts the edor of fried pork to the pillow cases and She has a wild, nervous and apprehensive

book in her eve as though she feared that great, strong arms and bear her away to a of the peace and marry her. She cerinly cannot fully realize how thoroughly the is from such a calamity. She is as safe as she was forty years ago, when nised her aged mother that she would never elope with any one.

with me at table, as she leans over my shoulder, pensively brushing the crumbs into my lap with a general utility towel, which her in her various rambles through the house, and she asks which we -"ten or eggs!"

This afternoon we will pay our bill, in accordance with a life-long custom of ours, and go away to permeate the busy haunts of men. It will be sad to tear ourselves away from the Fifth Avenue hotel at this place; still, there is no great loss without some small gain, and our own wood and bring it up stairs when we want to rest. The landlord of a hotel who goes away to a political meeting and seves his guests to chop their own word and ben charges them full price for the rent of a us and tempest-tossed bed, will never ndear himself to those with whom he is thrown in contact.

We leave at 2:30 this afternoon, hoping that the two railroads may continue to fork here just the same as though we had remained -Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

An Easy Solution of the Questic When the Wisconsin Central road was building its line to Chicago, in passing through one of the small Wisconsin town she tracks were laid directly behind a Metho dist church. The Methodists grumbled, but took no definite action in the matter until a tank was built so close to the church as to keep the light from the windows. Then they up a petition setting forth the damage that had been done, and requesting \$500 with which to remove the church. Th of the road was himself a Baptist, but he was corry for the Methodists, and when be received the petition he thought he would see if he could do something for them. In cone he forwarded the petition to F. N. sey, with the request that he look into itter and see what could be done. A few days later be was startled by having the petition returned to him with the following suggestions indorsed upon the back: They had better sell out to the Baptists, and they a use our tank."-Chicago Mail.

An Evident Lack of Confidence. Gentleman-There you are, Uncle Rastus You just hand that order to Mr. Smith and

he will pay you the money. Uncle Rastus (scanning the order)-Am dis a verbul order, subf -No. If I gave you a verbal

order be wouldn't pay it. Uncle Rastus (relieved)—Yas, dat's 'zactly wot Mister Smif sayed. He sayed of I ight a verbul order dat he wudden't pay it. I reckon he hain't got much confidence in yo', sah.-Grip.

Paid to the Actors.

Before Henry E. Abbey went back to England he gave these figures from his books to indicate to what extent American people have paid to see celebrated actors under his management: Bernhardt,
 in 1890-1, \$395,247; Booth, in 81-2, \$280. 982-3 \$208,309; Langtry, 82-3, \$253,500; Irving, '83-4, \$405,639; Irving, '84-5, \$350,000; Mary Anderson, '85-6, \$354, 949, total in six seasons, \$2,525,534. Of course Patti and Nilsson sang comparatively few times, and the season of Bern Booth, Langtry, and Irving were short. Even allowing the usual leeway managers' estimate require itthe sum total is significant.-New York THE TALE OF LIFE.

Man is to day what man was yesterday-Will be to morrow: let him curse or pray, firink or be dull, he learns not nor shall learn The lesson that will laugh the world away.

The world as gray or just as golden shines, The wise as sweet or just as hitter flows. For you as me: and you, like me, may find Perfume or canker in the reddest rose.

The tale of life is hard to understand: But while the cup waits ready to your hand Drink and declare the summer roses blow As red in London as in Samsreand.

Lips are as sweet to kess and eves as bright As ever flattered Omar with delight: English or Persian, while the mouth is fair What can it matter how it says good night? —Justin A. McCarthy.

EASY LESSONS IN ART.

Brish Work Should Be Studied While Ready Mixed Paint Is Cheap.

every young lady should know how to draw and paint. Nothing makes a house look more homelike than 150 elegant oil paintings hung on the walls. While the art of painting furten stores will niways pay \$3 a hundred for works of merit, and leading citizens are ever ready to catch up anything which is sold by which the thoughts and theories of elder peothe yard at a bargain.

It is a mistake to suppose that one must be born an artist. All that is needed to draw a entertaining. kitchen table to work. You don't even have thing that turns round and round in your

hot flatiron when It is en-

titled "A Scene in the Alps," and has received the unstinted praise of wores of critics. The idea of becoming an etchist was suggested to the young lasly by her mother, who realized that she might marry a man earning \$8 or \$10 a week and would see the need of those

It is just as easy to mint as to draw or etch Brushes can be had for from five cents up to \$1, and ready

\$2 a gallon. This sicture is entitled, 'A storm at Ses and was drawn and G 🖸 only 28 years old. Her teacher, who has been giving her lessons for the last seventeen years, says that she is a natural artist. The picture was painted in three different colors—green, black and carmine—and the effect was grand. When the light of a kerosene lamp is flung upon it at just the right angle it would be taken for a Rubens.

In painting a picture care should be taken not to inscribe the title on the canvas. In case this is done it will have to pass for one thing alone. If the title is left off it can represent a dozen different things.

The rage for plaque and plate painting still

continues. One can buy a set of white china ner plates on Monday and have them all ready for the table by Wednesday, if desired. The first thing is to give them a couple of conts of sky blue or

bright red paint for a ground, and then decorate them with game, birds or fish.
This picture of a colden eagle is the work of a young miss of 34 summers, who took up painting simply to amuse herself, while her mother was splitting the wood and doing the washing. She was

offered \$50 each for the plates when finished but indignantly sparned the offer. A rabbit is a favorite picture for decorating inner sets, principally because the average family has rabbit

about fifteen years. Many amateurs are bothered to find a good engraving of the cunning little animal, and w append He is supone. posed to be gamboling on the green, and in transferring him

to a dinner plate great care should be taken not to change his position, which is everything in a rabbit. desires to kill two birds with one stone, can be turned upside down and called "The Dying Bladiator."-A. Raphael in Detroit Free

Burdette and the Boy.

There was a boy at my former boarding house. He was a type of a boy I most furiously dislike, and I seem to be the type of a man be bates, for we declared war the first day we met. He was an impudent, loud voiced, slangy cub, with a bend of most luxuriant long bushy bair, that my fingers were always sching to get into. My room was on the first floor, and he used to make faces in at my window. One day he thrust his head in, but window. One day he thrust his head in, but tongue, and be burst out: "Oh, mamma, I was laying for him, and as he opened his pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make mouth to yell something offensive, I chucked t full of sawdist. Then began a series of reprisals on his part, which I will not wear to exterminate him. My sole desire now was to eatch him in the dark and scalp him. But ie was wary, and never went in the dark alone. I was just beginning to despuir, when, me evening. I heard him passing my window where I lay in ambush. I peeped out, and is the dim, misty starlight 1 just discerned my enemy's figure passing out of reach. I threat my body far out over the window tretching my arm, caught a handful of that

hated hair. My fingers closed on the locks of my foe like the grip of an octopus, and I gave a yank that would have pulled up a pine tree. The shricks that split the air of the silent night fairly made my heart stand still, and I shrunk back within the gloom of my room. Scream after scream, slamming doors, crash ing windows, told the house was alarmed and wild with excitement. I must go out; it would not do to remain concealed. I brushed the clinging locks from my guilty fingers. Shrill voices were calling my name. Horrors! I was suspected, then! Some one had seen me! The boy had recognized my touch! I went out into the hall. What was the matter! Well might I ask, they said, sitting there in my room, poring over my book, while murder was being done. A gigantic tramp, they told me, hidden under the trees, had caught my sister by the hair and nearly broken her neck, and then ran away.

I am going to slay that boy with my naked hands if I have to wait till the next war to get a chance at him.—Burdette in Brooklyn

Not Admitted to the Lime Kiln Club The chairman of the committee on mem bership of the Lime Kiin club reported that his committee was obliged to report against the following candidates for the causes ber

with appended: Professor Digitalis, of Alabama, for suddenly appearing among his friends with about forty bird shot imbedded in his back, and for being unable to explain their pres-ence in a satisfactory manner. He claimed to have been run over by an ice wagon, but nittee never saw an ice wagon loaded with that kind of anumunition

The Hon. Castigation Pomfret, of Rich-mond, Va., was found in a smokehouse belonging to a citizen of the suburbs, and claimed to be studying architecture. While this committee seeks to encourage all prothings. No burglar should go about doing business by daylight, and no architect should take midnight to post himself on the internal arrangements of a hambouse,-Detroit Fre

Keep Her Down John, dear, shall we get a light or beavy tombstone to place on mother's grzvet Husband (with suspicious emphasis)— Henvy !- New York Sun.

O Death, the Consecrator hing so sanctifies a name As to be written—dond; Nothing so wins a life from blame So covers it from wrath and shame As does the burial bed.

O Death, the Revelator: Our deepest passions never move Till thou hast bid them wake; We know not half how much we love

O Death, the great Peacemaker There's naught like Death to beal it; And if we love—O priceless pair And if we love—O priceless pain, O hitter-sweet when love is vain: There's naught like Death to seal it

All the world, it is said, loves a lover, but It is no less true that all the world loves chil dren; and white we may tire of tales of love. Next to thumping a plane and being able however ardeat and sentimental they and we to speak twenty one different words in French. I may be, we are always ready to smile over stories of the vagaries of childhood. There are glimpses of the awakening of the powers of the mind in these anecdotes of children, of which every parent has more or less to tell nishes more or less atmusement, it can be and we perhaps pardon the weakness of van ity more readity in this direction than in any

The whimsically distorted shapes into ple are transformed in passing through a child's brain are often suggestive as well as

"The mind," a little fellow says, "is some

to press it with a head and makes up stories."

And, upon the whole, one is inclined to completed. We comment that metaphysicians do not come hereby append a much nearer to any clear definition of the in sample of etching tellectual faculties. The drollness of chil produced by a dren's remarks oftenest consists in their young lady who looking at things ideal or intellectual from a strictly material basis. They measure probyet learned to construct a world of theory beyond that apparent to the senses.
"The clouds," observed a little 4-year-old girl, "must be solid, or the angels would

through. "Oh, they can fly like the birds!" her

brother, 2 years older, assured her.
"Oh no!" she replied, calling to mind the fact that she had seen the tail feathers of the hens clipped to keep them from flying, "of course they can't, for they haven't any

On another occasion this same child obfact tone: "I wish I was as high as the moon and the stars, and then I'd take a great ladder and go up and look on God's mantel piece and see if I could find any peppermints Children amuse and bewilder alike by

their logic and their want of it.
"Dear Aunt Susan," little Bob says, in the fulness of his admiration for his aunt, "when I grow up I hope I shall be just such a woman

Sometimes the definitions of children are most amusing. A little fellow of 3 years replaced the expression "sets my teeth on edge by the more original and striking phrase, "It Dr. Burt G. Wilder, the well-known natur

alist, relates that, his parents being Grahamites, his earliest years were passed in ignorance of the fact that people used flesh for food. By some change of opinion, however, they came to more ordinary customs, and one day a roasted chicken was served for dinner. The 6-year old lad gazed in bewilderment at this mysterious dish for some moments, the light of a great discovery dawning upon him, and at length he burst out in conviction and astonishment, "I bet that's a dead ben!"-a conclusion there was no gainsaying.

The most triumphant moment of a boy's

life, everything being taken into account, is when he first discards petticoats for tronsers. It is to be supposed that the feminine mind is deprived of the eestatic thrill of this delicions moment, for the first trained dress does not ome until long after the child is old enough know that bitter is mingled with the sweet of every cup, so that it is impossible to give herself up to enjoyment with the same abandonment of the wee man who gets his first genuinely musculine garments. A little fel-low of 5, to whom had come this supreme period of his existence, drew himself up proudly before his sister of 3, and proceeded

to impress upon her his true greatness.

"Kittie," he observed, "you can't never wear pants." A panse, in which he observed the effect of his words. "Kittie, you can't never have a mustache." A second rhetorical pause, during which the little sister looked up with pleading eyes; and then the climax, de livered in a tone of the most com nobow.

poor Kittie, who burst into a piteous howl at the perspective negation of her abased state, while her brother gazed proudly upon her distress with the air of a c

ess with the air of a conqueror. Small Robin showed himself under similar circumstances more of a gentleman. Arrayes sheer delight. Then at length his joy found ou feel grand when"-

But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his other, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically: "Poor mamma!"—Arlo Bates in Harper's Monthly.



Old Gentleman.-And how old are you ny little man?" Little Freddie.-I'm not old at all, sir; I'm nearly new

The Joke on Sam Collyer. In the days when the Rev. Robert Collver cupied the pulpit at Unity church his set. Sam was, of course, a regular attendant at the services. H. G. Withrow, a son of Thomas Withrow, the lawyer, used to pass the collection box-"cosn popper," he called it. Hal was fond of a joke, and one Sunday he saw n chance to perpetrate one on Sam. Sam had been quite attentive to a young lady, and had at last mustered up sufficient courage to bring her to church. When the collection plate came around he reached in his pocket, pulled out a nickel, and, with considerable dropped it in the box. Hal drew back the plate, fished out the nickel, and, handing it

back, whispered:
"I can't make the change to-day, Sam. You should see to that yourself before coming to church."—Chicago Mail.

How She Cornered Him. Young Smallwest dooking over the photographs:—Who is this homely looking baby, Miss Dashaway?

Miss D.-Ob, that is a picture of myself at the age of 2 years. Young Smallweed—Ah! Well, you know, the homely babies always grow to be pretty,

and vice versa.

Miss D.—Yes; but that photograph is not at all like me. I was a very pretty ch (And then what can be say!)—Life.

TWO VISIONS.

"He's so bandsome," sighed Matilda Lynch, as she rubbed the coarse dish towel over the heavy battered cups and saucers, just for all the world like a

Spanish brigand. Just where Matilda acquired her ideal of a Spanish brigand it would be difficult to explain, since her experiences in life had been circumscribed by the narrow limits of the fifth-rate boarding house where she had washed dishes for a living ever since her earliest recollections.

Being of tender susceptibilities, Ma-

tilda had been in love almost as many times as Mrs. Byrnes had taken a new boarder; being freekled and red haired no one had reciprocated her attachment, or if so, had allowed concealment to prey

upon his feelings recklessly.
"Tilly!" called out Mrs. Byrnes, "look
what you're at, child, or you'll smash them aigs. And aigs is aigs, nowadays, 'I was only lookin' at Mr. Jack," said

Tilly, sullenly.
"Well," said her fat, good natured mistress, "don't set too much store by the young men, Tilly. When the right one comes along you'll know 'im quick

"Yes," replied Tilly, "but will be know ne—that's what I want to know." Mrs. Byrnes shook with laughter. She was naturally good tempered, and she had prospered in the boarding house and could afford to laugh even at poor Tilly's pointless jokes. As she adjusted her dia mond ear rings and fastened her scalskin sack to step across the street to the grocers to purchase mackerel and onions for dinner, she gave Tilly some parting ad-monitions to grind the coffee and take out the last boilerful of clothes before she

Not for worlds would Mrs. Byrnes have set her feet upon the street without the diamonds and scalekin.

Villages, as well as courts, may have their social code that divides patrician and plebeian, and Silver Gulch drew the line at a sealskin cloak and diamonds

Meanwhile Jack Mohr, Tilly's ideal Spanish brigand, unconscious of the freekled face, pressed longingly against the speckled panel of Mrs. Byrnes' pantry window, went up the hill at a swinging pace, conscious of but two well-defined deas that formed a background for all his minor mental processes-Felicia Dewey and the Euchre mine.

In point of importance to Jack they ocupled relatively the position here given, but in point of sequence this order should be reversed, since it was only on the suc cess of his mine that Jack could predicate

any hope of winning Felicia.

From the day of Jack Mohr's first appearance at Silver Gulch the miners, who ook their meals with Mrs. Byrnes, and lounged around the bar of the neighboring saloon at evening, were disposed to treat him with due respect.

It was felt instinctively that he would be the sort of a man that was trouble in a fight, and so he went and came un-

'He's fit company for any camp," Old Sims declared confidentially one evening to a circle of choice spirits in Mike's place, as they stood up to the bar for a drink all round. "He's dropped his man, and anybody with that record is good enough for any crowd, and don't you for-Where did that happen?" asked

Shorty, the sandy haired bariender, flick-ing off a hop blossom from his spotlessly white shirt sleeves.

He did not say, "How do you know?" although that would have been the proper form of interrogatory for what he desired Such a question might have been con-

strued into a doubt of Old Sims' truth-fulness, and thus have led to unpleasant consequences. always guard our weakest point, and Old Sims was tenacious on this point

of truthfulness.
"Where did it happen?" repeated the old man. "Lord! how do I know! There are some things a man can tell without knowing how he does it, and one of them is to tell a man who has taken human life when you see him. It's a sort of freemasonry, Lauppose." Old Sims had once killed a man in a fight, and was disposed to take on airs in consequence, a superiority none of them felt inclined to que tion, for obvious reasons, least of all

As for Jack Mohr, the fact that his language and manners were such as behim unpopular with Mrs. Byrnes' boarders but for one accidental circumstance This was a lucky game of euchre that

he had played with Col. Dewey, proprietor of the Euchre mine, a mild man-nered, white baired old man, whose style of playing elicited Old Sims' warmest ad-

"A prettier game I never see, nor any other man," he explained in a rapture of delight to his cronies at the bar. "Thar was the ol' man, carm an' cool, playin' his cards like—like a parson, blamed if he didn't. 'It's your deal, Mr. Mohr, says he, a bowin' like a chestnut field," and Old Sims made a grotesque bend in his effort to imitate Col. Dewey's courtly grace of manner, "an' what d'ye spose that ere boy done? Scooped the

oard, every trip."
"And what were the stakes!" asked Shorty, his round, shaven head rising pink and bare above his full white shirt sleeves, that suggested a whimsical comparison to a cherub's wings, as portrayed

"The ol' man put up half the Euchre nine, and Jack bucked agin' 'em with that ol' mule o'his'n, and blamed if Jack didn't hold the joker 'n the right and left bower three hand's runnin' "No!" exclaimed Shorty in transports at this graphic description; "an' what'd

the ol' man say? old Sims rose in install initiation of Col. Dewey—his contormons as he did so a spectacle for gods and men, "'Mr. Mohr, says he, 'you are a lucky man, sir. I am glad to welcome you,' says he, 'to a half ownership in as a lucky man you'll bring success to the enterprise.

"Very handsome of the old colonel," murmured Shorty admiringly.
"Handsome:" repeated Old Sims,
"it was a picter. A picter, gentlemen, high art and religion combined; that's

Whether this lucky termination to the game was luck, pure and simple, or whether it was brought about by a clever manipulation of the cards, no one in Silver Gulch ventured to bazard an opinion. And whether it was luck or good man agement, from the day that Jack Mohr came a partner in the Enchre, it began to "pan out" beyond the most sanguine expectations of that most sanguine of

men, Col. Dewey.
"It's bound to be the best paying mine in the gulch!" he said, becoming almost boisterous, and chucking his daughter Felicia under her pretty, dimpled chin; "beats the Last Thance entirely."

The Last Chance was a rival mine e opposite side of the gulch, owned by a New York company and managed by Jack Deering, a thin, pale young man, of unexceptionable antecedents, who had so well manipulated stocks in Wall street that the higher powers, known as "heavy operators," had placed him in inmand of the Last Chance, with unimited funds with which to operate.

Jack Mohr, in his wooing at the shrine of the fair Felicia. She was pretty, with a certain dashing equettishness, a daring audacity of dress and manner that was even more fascinating than her laughing gray eyes

During this time all went well with

The productive issues of our country, joined to wonderful mechanical inven-tions have been the source of vast individual fortunes, suddenly acquired.
A class of women has been developed

from these conditions, whose exravagant inxuriousness of taste rivals that of the famous empress who drank dissolved

Felicia Dewey was one of these. Born and reared in poverty, with this new prospect of riches before her no fabric was rich enough, no jewels costly enough to satisfy her taste

As the prospects of the Euchre began to "realize," she indulged in many secret schemes that filled her thoughts by day and night; schemes that would have startled even the two reckless speculators who controlled its products. She fairly overwhelmed Mrs. Byrnes,

one day, by a description of some of splendors of a wedding trousseau that she was planning.
"Good land!" Mrs. Byrnes' generous

amplitude of person seemed actually to swell with astonishment, as she listened. 'I don't see for my part, how you ever

new there were such things."
Felicia laughed, showing her little white teeth, whose irregularity gave piquancy to her smile.
"It's a genius for spending money, Mrs. Byrnes; it's like a gift for music or mathematics. I am not gifted in other directions, but I love beautiful things—

wait a little and you shall see. One night Jack came to take her out for a walk, that they might enjoy to-gether a little of that privacy so dear to lovers, denied them by the narrow limitations of the Byrnes establishment The night was dark, with but few stars

visible; the wind swept through branches of the trees, rustling the dry leaves that clung there, and now and then the loud bark of a dog broke the Dull lights, scattered up and down the gulch, showed the location of the differ-ent mining camps; everything about the

village, from its muddy, straggling streets to its rough pineboard shanties, looked barren and desolate. The lovers strolled slowly along, Felicia clinging to Jack's arm; their talk,

as usual, about the mine. "I feel as if i had never lived my true life, Jack." Felicia was saying. "Ever since my childhood I have so longed for luxury, and we have been so poor. You have heard of the mirage, Jack, well, it is like that. To see always before one's eyes the loveliest lace, filmy and soft as cloud; lustrous, shimmering silks, with sheen like reflected moonlight; jewels that glow and burn like stars, silken fur-niture and perfumed light, and then be chained to this."

She waved her hand in scornful gest ure, but Jack caught it, and pressd it to

his lips.
"It shall be no mirage, dear; you shall have them all, and as much more as you We will go to Paris and astonish those poverty stricken counts and shabby milords with American ideas of living. In a month more the Euchre will be at high water mark."

"To Paris!" Felicia gave a soft sigh of rapture. "Oh, Jack! think of the bonnets, the gowns, the laces-She stopped short. In the dim light of the dusk Jack saw her eyes, fixed in a dilated, wandering stare, a momentary unconsciousness that held her spellbound.

"Felicia!" He caught her by the arm and shook her, almost roughly, in his excitement, She smiled, as the look of returning con-"I've been there, Jack." She like one awaking from a sleep. "I know

now what it's like. "Been where!" asked Jack, in his bewilderment. "To Paris." Jack put his arm around her to assure himself of her earthly embodiment.

and held her close

clairvoyant who located our What is the matter?" "I don't know any more than you do. But when your lips touched my hand, all this-the village you, everything-facted away, and I was in Paris. And oh, such splendor, such magnificence, Jack!

He was determined to treat the affair as a joke, though he had a healthy, manlike horror of the supernatural. He stooped down and kissed her. 'You can't frighten me out of kissing you in this fashion, Felicia. And its very good of you to come back when there are so many fine things to be seen there. By the way, did you see me there,

too?" and he laughed at his own quesshook her from head to foot, and clung to old lover, Jack Mohr.—Julia Mills Dunn Jack desperately.

"Don't ask me, Jack! Don't-the horror of it will kill me! I-Take me home, Mystified, but obedient to her slightest wish, Jack turned about, and they retraced their steps, separating at the door of the Byrnes residence; Jack to return

to his lodgings, Felicia to seek her chamber, had forget its shabby stinginess in dreams of the Euchre mine. Jack had predicted that one month

more would see the Euchre at highwater But when the month rolled round, a revolution had overtaken the Euchre Just what clever Wall street maneu vers had wrought the change no one could explain, but Euchre stock, which

had been in demand at fabuous prices, suddeny declined. The financial menageric had unloosed its bulls and bears on the track of those two innocent lambs, Col. Dewey and Jack Mohr, and these unsophisticated operators found themselves in a position where they were glad to sell out for a paltry thousand or two, to the Last Chance, when the stock had depreciated to its lowest point. The secret workings of this deal were never exactly understood by the uninitiated, but as soon as it passed over to the manipulations of Jack Deer-Old Sims rose in his seat and bowed, in ling the stock went up again, shares were sold at fabulous prices, and in a few mouths Deering found himself a modern Crosus, and a suitor for the smiles of th

pretty Felicia.

The village was scandalized at the success of his wooing, for though she had not entirely broken off with Mohr, she encouraged Deering with her sweetest smiles, and most captivating audacity of manner. Jack was bewildered, almost distracted, by the new turn of affairs; er father remonstrated, but all in vain. Mrs. Byrnes bridled with indignation: she had added a heavy gold chain and a new diamond ring to her claims to con sideration, and felt that her opinions were

entitled to respect. At Mike's place the discussion ran high. orty leading a gallant minority in favor of Deering and his claims. "I tell you," said Old Sims excitedly,

"A trump," said Shorty, doggedly, "a regular trump card, she is. 'The little joker," said Sims, scornfully; "bound to take the best trick in the game of life, especially where diamonds are trumps."
"Deering's the right bower in that

game, certain," said another, with a poor attempt at a joke.
"And Jack Mohr's left at any rate, added Shorty, humoring the joke, amid shouts of hilarious laughter. After this Jack Mohr got the sobriquet

of the "Left Bower," and instead of re-senting it he welcomed it as an added humiliation. He became reckless and wild, fond of parading his misfortunes, and growing more desperate and careless of his per appearance, finally disappeared

"Fifine, I think I see a wrinkle;" and pretty Mrs. Deering motioned her French maid to draw aside the heavy silken curtain that subdued the glare of the morn-

from the village, no one knew whither.

Fidne held up both hands in token of

her horror at the mere thought

"Madame," she began, "that is quite impossible." Madame flashed a smile from her limpid gray eyes and white, irregular teeth. "Nonsense, Fifine! There is no need of any deception between us. You know, as well as I do, that between French cooking and late hours the freshness of

my complexion is gone."

Driven to bay, as it were, Fifine admitted that there was a certain preparation compounded with wax, said to have been used by the Empress Eugenie, that It happened when the our was high, possessed rare virtues for restoring the And the wind blew fresh and free. omplexion, that she could prepare that there is any need," she stoutly asserted, 'but if madame wishes-Madame interrupted her lying loquac-

'I must keep it on my face twenty-four bours, you say. Very well; prepare it at once and we will apply it to-night. I can be through with it in time for the Rus-

At 12 o'clock that night a man wearing a black mask over his face stepped cautionsly through the window of Mrs. Deering's boudoir from the little balcony out-"Let them catch me if they can,

muttered, as an awkward motion of his foot nearly overturned a chair. "Let them, I say. I've been in hard luck so long, that it's neck or nothing with me He turned the light of the dark lantern he carried into the room and looked around. A low fire smoldered in the grate and cast a dull, red glow over the

tiled hearth and mossy carpet, rich with the softened coloring of oriental dyes. Low Egyptian couches and chairs, with ebony frames carved with Sphinxes' heads and lotus leaves, and upholstered with satin damask wrought in gold, stood about the room.

A dressing gown of dull color, trimmed with filmy yellow lace, hung over a chair, beside a bed arched with a handwrought. silken canopy. Rings and bracelets lay on the dressing table, and in a velvet case left carelessly half open glittered a diamond necklace. The burglar's eyes fastened on the jew-

He had been hungry and cold for many days, and snimal wants are merci-He reached out to grasp the necklace, when his eyes happened to turn toward

"My God, Felicia, dead!" She looked so white, so corpse like in her transparent, waxen mask that Juck Mohr turned away the light of his lantern a sickening sense of suffocation almost overpowering him, for he was weak from

hunger and exposure.

A soft voice broke the silence. Jack, is it you!" "Yes;" in a half whisper. To save his life he could not have spoken loud. "Good night, dear. I can not open my

Fiftne has so covered my face with

this cosmetic preparation. Don't try to kiss me, it's quite impossible. There was a sound of some one stirring in the next room. Nevertheless Jack Mohr lingered long enough to step forward, kneel by the bed, and touch his bearded lips to the warm dimpled hand

lying on the counterpane. "How sentimental you are, Jack: do you know for one moment as your lips touched my hand I was back in that horrid old mining village in Colorado. I saw the gulch with the miners' camps, the rows of straggling shantles, and that awkward Tillie with the freckled face, who used to wait on our table; and that ridiculous Jack Mohr, who was so fond of me. I could even hear the rustle of the dead leaves on the branches as the night wind swept through the trees. Odd, wasn't it?"

The sweet voice died away in a drowsy d held her close.

"You talk like that greasy Mexican softly stole from the room. At the prince's ball next night, Felicia was greatly admired, and had the honor

of dancing with Prince Versakopf him-

At a pause in the dance the prince "That was a sad story in to-day's journal of the young American who shot himself in front of your palace, last night, Felicia stood in the full blaze of the chandelier, and the nervous tremor that shook her from head to foot broke the

rays of light from her diamonds into a thousand rainbow colored fragments. Prince Versakopf followed the direct tion of her eyes toward an open doorway. but saw nothing.

But Felicia saw there as plainly as she To the depths of the ocean blue There is nobody ever knew. Queer Wrinkles.

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND Polite Passenger (in street car)—Will you ake this seat, madam! But every night when the moon shines bright Medata-Thank-Polite Passenger-Pray don't, madam. I'm subject to fits.

HARD TO MAKE A LIVING. "I find it very hard, sir," said the butcher, Comes stalking along the shore, And the ghost of a little sardine fish as he weighed his left arm and a couple of Goes rollicking on before pounds of steak for a customer, "to make any

Because I have to keep so much dead stock on hand " WHAT SHE'LL MAKE OF HIM "Ah, Mrs. Tompkins, that's a fine boy," said nley, patting the landlady's son on the L "What do you intend making of

profit in ney business."

"How's that?"

Well, I think of making a policeman of him. He never can be found when he's A TERRIBLE MISNOMER.

"Pa," said a little cast side, Harlem boy, why do they call the building we live in a French flat?" "Because, my boy," replied the old man, as he stepped out into the street to take his over-coat off, "because there is nothing like it in

all France. "How's them peas?" she asked. "The peas are very nice, madam," replied the tramp, with his mouth full; "but I wish you would give me a four-tined fork instead of this spoon to eat them with. I may be a

ramp.now," he added bitterly, "but I've seen better days." SOME GOOD ADVICE. Tramp-Please gimme ten cents, sir! nan-Why, I gave you ten cents as

our ago. Tramp-I'll bet you \$5 you didn't. Gentleman-I haven't got that much mone with me Tramp (with some disgust)-Well, don't make statements unless you've got money to

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, ignoring his mother's signal to keep still, "did you ever hear pa whistle!" "No. Bobby," laughed Mr. Featherly, "I never have had that pleasure." "Well, you will," went on Bobby. "He told ma that he lent you \$5 last night, and that he

A COMING PLEASURE.

back 'em up.

expected to whistle for it." A LITTLE TOO MCCH. "The cellar is full of water," said a lady who was looking at an east side Harlem flat "Yes," assented the proprietor, "but you nust bear in mind that at this time of day it is flood tide. We can't rent you seven rooms, madam," he added, in an injured tone of voice, "and at the same time guarantee to

Customer (in restaurant)-Waiter, I ordered me cheese. Waiter—Yes, sir. It's coming, sir, coming. New York Sun.

ontrol the Atlantic ocean for \$30 a month.

ON ITS WAT.

Around the World. The passage of the steamer Alameds from Auckland to San Francisco in twenty-three days and six hours reduces the time of the trip around the sixty-nine days.

THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER. Avoid Sardines When Boiled with

Go button your boots with a tiger's tail.

Comb down your golden hair, And live for a week upon bubble and equeak On the steps of a winding stair. And whenever you feel like a congur sol,

Or as hard as an old split pea. Unfasten the lid as the hedge-hog did. Then come and listen to me. And the wind blew fresh and free. When the bettle-nosed whale was hinching

shale, And washing it down with the sea. It was close by the side of a lonely stream

That featred on a desciate strand A lady fair was sitting there. And a box was in her hand. She raised the box, and she cave it a shake

Keeping time with a three-foot rule.

And this was the some that the lady sang And mixed with the sands of the sea.



"He heard what she'd got to say," The sound of her voice was sweet to hear, And was wafted o'er many a wave.
Till at last it fell, like a siren spell,
On the heart of a merman brave.

He listened awhile, then smiled a smile As he looked at himself in the glass, Then dressed with speed in an ulster of weed And trowsers of tangle and grass. He went to the place where the lady sang.

She told him the dish was sardine fish, But he bolted clean away. For his brother in law was of kin to a skate; The skate was of high degree, And every one knew it was perfectly true

Sardines were the cousins of he

With a terrible frown he dived straight down To the depths of the ocean green; His trowsers he tore and h's abter, and swore They would never again be seen. But the lady sang, as she sang before:

"Just open this box for me, For I live sardines when they're boiled with And mixed with the sands of the sea." She sang this same, but as nobody came. She thought it as well to try. So down on the rocks she hammered the box.

And then she began to cry Oh, I love sardines when they're boiled with And mixed with the sands of the sea. am dying for some. Will nobody come And open this box for me?"

Now all alone, close under a stone



At the sight of the a shake of his gave her his claw on the desolate strand.

let her go. My lady," says be, 77 703 "you'll come with me To the regions down below." ** "To the regums down He took the lady

straight away

There are some folks say on the 1st of May She is seen with a glass in her hand, And that she was sold to the merman bold Who came to the desolate strand.

The ghost of the indy is seen, All dressed at her need in an ulster of weed, And her hair is a bright sea green. And the ghost of a great hig sardine box

And the fishermen hear the sound of knocks, And, "Open this box for me, Cause I love sardines when they're boiled with beans, And mixed with the sands of the see."

, ladies all, both short and talk

Who leve to eat sardines, you ever take any, don't let it be many.

MOREAL.

And never with sand and beans. W. D. Scott-Moncrieff in Harper's Magaz

Young Wife-Won't Charley be surpris when he sees what a lovely pair of trousers I have made for him out of my old Mother Hubbard. There is nothing like knowing how to economize.—The Judge.

Domestic Views. The small boy was regaling a visitor with the family album.

"Who is this one?" asked the victim, as he began the photographic volume. "Oh, that's gramp', an' here's gram' rite acrost the leaf." "And this pretty lady?"

"That chromo's Ant Suke; she's a terror. An' that fel that looks as ef he didn't know beans is nunkey." "Who are the two taken together?"

"That's pop an' mam, only they ain't fitin' "And this sweet child?" "That's me when I was a kid. An' that's pop's first wife what dide; and that's another

mky. Say, he don't look like a bird, does

he? Pop says he's a real old gallus bird; an'

The entrance of the family prevented further disclosures. - Detroit Free Press.

A candidate for a political office is too often judged by his cigars. -Yonkers